

The History of

He made a blushing citall of himselfe.
And chid his trewant yoth with such a grace.
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly:
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,
If he out liue the enuy of this day
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.
Hot. Coosin I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wild a libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my curtesie.
Arme, arme with speede, & fellows, souldiers, friends,
Better consider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not wel the gift of tongue
Can liue your bloud vp with perswasion. *Enter a Messenger.*
Mess. My Lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O, Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long.
If life did ride vpon a dialles point,
Still ending at the arriual of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to tread on kinges,
If die, braue death, when Princes die with vs.
Now for our consciences, the armes are faire,
When the intent of bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*
Mess. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace,
Hot. I thinke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his best: and here draw I a sword,
Vvhose temper I intend to staine
Vvith the best blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now esperance Percy, and set on,
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that musicke let vs all embrace,

For

Henric the fourth.

For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall,
A second time do such a curtesie.
Here they embrace, the trumpets sound, the King enters with his power, alarme to the battell, then enter Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.
Blunt. What is thy name, that in battell thus thou crossest me
What honour dost thou seeke vpon my head?
Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford deare to day hath bought
Thy likenes, for in stead of thee, King Harry
This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as my prisoner.
Blunt. I was not borne a yeelder, thou proud Scot
And thou shalt find a king that will reuenge
Lord Staffords death.
They fight, Douglas kils Blunt, then enters Hotspur.
Hot. O Dowglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot.
Doug. Als done, als woon, here breathles lies the King,
Hot. Where? *Doug.* Hete;
Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well,
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnisht like the king himselfe.
Doug. Ah foole, goe with thy soule whither it goes
A borrowed title hast thou bought to deare,
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?
Hot. The king hath many marching in his coates.
Doug. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coates,
He murther all his wardrope, piece by piece,
Vntill I meete the king. *Hot.* Vp, and away,
Our souldiers stand full fairely for the day.
Alarme, Enter Falstaff solus.
Fal. Though I could scape shot free at London, I feare the
shot here, her's no scoring but vpō the pate. Soft, who are you?
Sir Walter Blunt, ther's honor for you, her's no vanity, I am as
hote

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